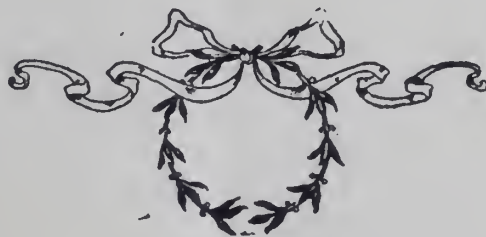


# **THE LATIN —SCHOOL— REGISTER**

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**FOOTBALL NUMBER**  
**DECEMBER**  
**1914**

**VOLUME XXXIV.**

**NO. 3**

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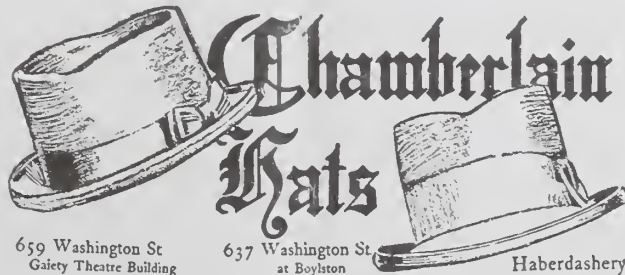
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# The Latin School Register

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# Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXIV. No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1914

ISSUED MONTHLY

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## A LIVING WAGE.

Around a table in the private office of John T. Woodward, head of the Woodward Woolen Company, sat a group of men with swarthy, threatening faces and hard, knotty, work-worn hands. They were angry, and apparently were at no pains to conceal the fact, for from time to time one of their number would leap to his feet and dart a knotty forefinger that shook with suppressed passion at the calm, white-haired, hard-featured, steely-eyed man who, a look of scornful disdain on his face, sat at the head of the table.

A man with a red sweater and a checked cap that fell in a shapeless mass over his tousled black head, had leaped to his feet, and was now address-

ing the old man in a loud, angry voice.

"You've got the idea, Mr. Woodward," he was saying, "that just because there's no competitor of yours to whom we can go for work when we quit your place, we won't dare to give up the jobs we've got now. Well, you're dead wrong, that's all. We're going to quit, and quit cold, if you don't give us some wages on which we can live and support our families. You've got to give us the extra money finally; so why be so pig-headed about it? Come now, we'll be around again tomorrow and we'll see what you have to say about it then. You'll think it over, won't you, Mr. Woodward?"



The head-featured man at the end of the table was as calm as ever, but his cold gray eyes flashed a sinister warning, and his small lips cracked into a disdainful smile as he made answer.

"No, I won't think it over, my good fellow. You're getting more than enough money as it is already. If you're not satisfied, you can go elsewhere, and welcome. There will be no further need of intercourse between us until you go back to work; that is final. Good-day,—GENTLEMEN."

He put a significant, contemptuous emphasis on the last word, as he rose and turned his back on the assemblage of mill-hands, to signify that the interview was at an end.

The men seated about the table rose to a man, and with surly unsubdued looks took their hats and began filing out of the office. The last man to leave was the man in the red sweater who had addressed the president of the woolen company just a few moments before. As he reached the door, he turned and once more he shot a shaking forefinger into the face of the hard-hearted man who stood looking on with a mocking, contemptuous smile.

"All right, Mr. Woodward," he shouted. "All right, if that's the way you feel about it. But just put this in your pipe and smoke it: We're on strike, see? We don't come back to work now until you give us more money. Now who's going to run your mill for you, huh? We're on strike,—remember that, and maybe our being on strike won't be the worst thing that's going to happen to you when we get riled up good!"

The man in the red sweater stamped out of the room after his companions, and as he made his appearance on the

threshold outside, he let out a shout that reached the farthest corners of the multitude assembled outside, all waiting to hear the good news or ill.

"Old Woodward won't listen!" he shouted. "What do you say, boys? Are we on strike?"

The shout that answered his rocked the old factory building to its foundations.

"You bet! We're with you!" And then, suddenly, "We'll get even with him!" This last cry found many an echo in the crowd, and in a moment the mob was shouting, while a sea of uplifted arms and clenched fists tossed forward and backward over the factory court:

"Kill 'im!" Kill old Woodward!-- We'll get him yet! Wait till he comes out to-morrow! Kill 'im! Kill 'im!"

In the little window of his private office stood John T. Woodward, his hard-lined face no longer smiling contemptuously, but now with his face drawn into an angry frown, while he watched the mob below gradually disperse. Then he turned with an angry snarl to the junior partner, who, with a frightened, half-anxious look, sat in the heavily upholstered chair and moved uneasily and apprehensively from side to side. Woodward came in front of him, and locking his hands behind his back, spoke savagely and vindictively.

"The nerve!" he ejaculated angrily. "The confounded nerve of the paupers! To come here and ask for more money! More money! What do they expect, anyway,—a salary of fifty thousand a year?"

The junior partner squirmed uneasily in his chair and, clearing his throat nervously, began to speak haltingly.

"We-ell, yes," he said, glancing at Woodward's harsh visage somewhat apprehensively. "Of course, it's preposterous. Y-yet," and he paused a little nervously before speaking, "yet I don't know but that they do deserve a small raise,—only a small raise,—for you know that their present wages are terribly insufficient for their needs. Why, yesterday I saw one of the mill-hands' wives shivering terribly with the cold, and starv—."

"Oh, keep quiet, Jameson!" interrupted Woodward, impatiently. "You're an old woman, that's what you are. Why, if you didn't have me to help you run this mill, the business would go to smash before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' Now, for Heaven's sake, don't speak to me of giving those fifty beggars a raise, or there 'll be trouble!"

"But still—"

"Not another word, Jameson. We'll consider the matter closed for the present."

Jameson sighed, and he shook his head sorrowfully. At last he spoke musingly.

"Ah, John," he said, "you always were very obstinate,—I might even say harsh—in your actions toward the mill-hands,—and I fear towards everybody else, in fact."

"To which gratifying characteristic, I attribute most of my success in life," observed Woodward, nonchalantly balancing a pencil between his fingers and then returning it again to his vest-pocket.

Jameson sighed again.

"Yes, John," he continued. "You always were very harsh, very—cruel, shall I say? And you were very harsh even to the members of your own family."

Woodward started suddenly, as he heard his partner's last sentence, and a strange pallor crept into his harsh, wizened face. He recovered himself immediately, however, and feigning a surprise which was so plainly forced that even mild, unsuspecting old Jameson noticed it, he turned to the junior partner.

"There is nothing to what you say," he said, hurriedly. "I don't understand you at all, Jameson."

"Well, let me ask you something," said Jameson, leaning forward. "Have you ever heard anything from your son?"

Woodward's face became paler yet, and he turned his face away from Jameson lest the spasm of pain that controlled his countenance suddenly might be noticed. His hands gripped the back of the chair he was standing near so fiercely that the knuckles showed white and staring from the rest of his hand, and when he spoke, his tone was forced and rang with subdued passion.

"No, I have never heard from him," he answered. "Furthermore, Jameson, I wish you would drop the subject."

But Jameson went on unheeding.

"No," he repeated, "you have never heard from him. In your heart, now, John, do you think it was right to cut him off as you did? Was it right to send him out into the world, with no friend to whom to turn in his hour of need,—no adviser, no counsellor? Was it right to doom a boy who had never known the need of putting his hands to manual labor, to a life of toil and hardships? Was it right—."

"Stop it, Jameson!" was the agonized cry that escaped Woodward; but still Jameson, unheeding, continued.

"Was it right to expose him to the

temptation to become a thief, a gambler, a murderer perhaps, because he needed money—the money you denied him? And why did you deny it to him? Ah, John, my friend, you did wrong, you know you did wrong by casting him off. You robbed him of the pleasures—yes, of the necessities of life, merely because he dared to think differently from you,—because he dared to do what he thought was right in the sight of God.

“Because he thought that you ill-treated these mill-hands, he set to work at once to rectify what he thought were your mistakes. He made it his ambition in life to better the existence of the paupers, as you call them, and he did all any human could, and more. He educated them; he made their homes inhabitable. He did everything that could possibly benefit them in any way. And in all of this he did no harm to you or yours.

“And with what result did he do all this? You—you, John Woodward,—threatened him, and told him to stop his charitable work at once, because you thought it was doing harm to the business of your mill! He refused; and your obstinacy, your harshness, your cruelty led you to do that terrible thing; you cast him off,—you sent him from your house,—you cursed the day he was born! Was it right—”

“Oh, stop! stop! stop!” The agonized cry rang out once more, and Jameson at last desisted. Woodward, his face ashen, his hands gripping the chair-back fiercely, his figure rigid with pain, turned to his partner. His face was convulsed with conflicting emotions, but his eyes shone with an unnatural, almost fanatical glow.

“I was right!” he cried, in a raucous voice. “I was right, do you hear? He

dared oppose me—oppose my wishes, and I was right,—yes, I was right when I cast him off! I hate him, I hate his memory, I hate everything connected with him! I don’t want to hear his name again, do you hear? Never, never! I am through with him forever, forever!”

Jameson looked once at the distorted face of his partner, and sighed heavily. Then, with another sigh, he rose from his chair and took his hat from the wall.

“You will never change your mind, John?” he asked.

“Never!” cried Woodward, his face still convulsed with passion.

As the door closed upon his partner, however, the person of John Woodward underwent a marvelous change. The rigidity of his figure relaxed, and his features gradually subsided from the look of a maniac into the hopeless, grief-stricken look of a man who sorrows, and knows that he sorrows in vain. Blindly he made his way to a seat. For a time, an endlessly long time, he sat dry-eyed, unable to weep or give expression to his sorrow. Then at last the tears came, and with a bursting sob he threw his head on his arms and wept like a child.

At last he raised his head, and walking to a closet in the corner of the room, he drew out a piece of pasteboard. He handled it carefully, putting it on the desk before him. For an hour he gazed at it in silence, yearning, and repenting, and hoping. It was a photograph of his son Fred.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later a far away, harsh, discordant chorus of shouts fell on his ear suddenly, and as he heard the sound, the old, unchanged, frosty smile



of contempt cracked his hard, old lips. What he heard was:

"Kill 'im! Kill old Woodward! Kill 'im! Kill 'im!"

\* \* \* \* \*

On one evening, two weeks later, John T. Woodward slammed his front door behind him hurriedly and turned the key in its lock. A paving-stone suddenly crashed through the window beside him and flew by his cheek. Missiles of all sorts, iron bars, pieces of scrap iron, paving stones, pieces of timber, and even some decayed vegetables, crashed against the door, and entered the windows of the magnificent mansion. Outside there were frenzied shouts that leaped, it seemed, to the very skies, and from moment to moment were doubling and redoubling in their fury. A sea of waving arms and swarthy faces pressed on towards the entrance to the grounds, while other currents of the same sea, more impatient than the rest, did not pause to join the mob that was hammering at the massive iron gates of the grounds,—trying to gain admittance, but instead scaled immediately the high walls bordering the well-kept grounds.

Woodward, his face cut and bleeding, his hat crushed over his ear, his collar awry, his shirt torn, and stained with the mud of the city streets, made his way, gasping hard for breath, to the telephone which stood in a corner of the room. In a tired, weary voice, he called up the police station and asked that a force of police be sent to disperse the rioters. Then he made his half-stumbling way into the bath-room, where he bathed and dressed his wounds and attired himself in presentable garments.

Ten minutes later he was sitting

quietly by the window, listlessly watching the police disperse the mob, and in his mind he ran over the events of the day. Indeed, the happenings had not been entirely unexpected, for similar disturbances, perhaps on a smaller scale, had taken place at different times during the past two weeks.

He had left his office that day after the usual dispute with Jameson, who, in his mild way, would continue to advocate giving the mill-hands greater wages. Woodward's invariable answer on those occasions was a growled-out:

"Keep quiet, Jameson. I'm not going to give the beggars any more money, and that's all there is to it, do you hear?"

And Jameson would invariably shrug his shoulders, sigh wearily and mutter:

"It's too bad, too bad. The need of money may drive some of the wretches to stealing, and perhaps to something worse. God knows, I sincerely hope not. Too bad! too bad!"

This day had been no different from the others, and the foregoing conversation had taken place as usual. That evening, when Woodward arrived at his home from the mill, he was greeted by a fierce chorus of shouts and the storm of missiles that has already been spoken of. He made his escape through the mob by the skin of his teeth, and it was only after his face had been cut and slashed by the flying missiles, and his clothes nearly ripped from his back by the clawing grabs of the infuriated mill-hands that he was enabled to reach his door in safety.

Now, as he sat by his window, peering through the dusk of evening, he scowled angrily and muttered under his breath:

"The dirty hounds! They've got a fine chance to get that extra money

from me! As if they're not getting enough now!"

Then the oft-repeated words of Jameson recurred to his mind: "The need of money may drive the wretches to stealing, and perhaps to something worse."

Woodward snorted in disgust. What an idiotic idea! Those wretches might starve, perhaps, and be ill-clad for a short time,—but as for the lack of money driving them to thieving—why, the very idea was preposterous!

It was getting late, and Woodward began to feel drowsy, but his thoughts went on uninterceptedly.

"The dogs!" he muttered sleepily. "They don't need any money—it's all bluff; that's what it is."

For fifteen minutes or more Woodward sat by the window, but at last he rose. He would go to bed, he told himself.

John Woodward did not sleep well that night. Throughout the long hours of the night he tossed uneasily upon his bed, while his lips moved unconsciously, and uttered the thoughts of his troubled mind. The uneasy condition of his mind was not the only reason for Woodward's troubled sleep that night; for in the small hours of the morning he was awakened from his fitful sleep by a faint scraping sound, as if someone were trying to enter the house.

Woodward started, and sat bolt upright in his bed as he heard the noise, doubting his own ears, but the soft, faint, scraping sound continued.

Woodward, convinced now, and determined to investigate, stepped out of his bed, and, clad in his pajamas, walked softly across the room to a side-window, through which issued a stream of soft moonlight,—for through this window he could see the spot whence the sound was

issuing, and through this window he could see whether or no there was really a burglar outside.

He peered out cautiously, but then drew back suddenly, for he had caught a swift glimpse of a crouching black figure, which, its back toward him, was working swiftly and silently at a window casing. The cap on the black figure was drawn far down over the face, and the figure looked about furtively from time to time as if to see if any one were watching. There could be no doubt as to the intentions of this furtive, black-clad man.

Woodward stepped back from the window, breathing hard with excitement. A determination to capture the daring burglar immediately entered his mind, and he swiftly formed a plan to trap him. He would hide, he told himself, behind the thick draperies in this room, until the burglar should have entered the chamber and have begun his work of rifling the safe which stood at one side; and then, Woodward thought excitedly, he would suddenly switch on the electric lights and confront the burglar,—who would, most likely, be blinded by the sudden glare,—with a loaded revolver.

Woodward hid himself behind the curtain and awaited developments. For perhaps five minutes he stood there, chafing with impatience; yet nothing happened. Then at last there was a faint nestling, as if someone was stealing stealthily over the thick carpet. A few minutes later Woodward, concealed in the draperies, heard a faint scraping, metallic sound, and he knew that the thief was at the safe. The time was ripe; and Woodward peered around the corner of the curtain. He saw that a black figure was kneeling by the safe. Woodward gripped his revolver tighter;

with one touch of his hand he pushed aside the draperies; with another he touched the electric button.

A bewildering flash of light shot from the chandelier overhead—so brilliant that Woodward himself, although expecting it, was dazzled for a moment by its glare.

The crouching dark figure by the safe stood bolt upright as the mass of white brilliancy overhead shot itself into being. It gave a low cry of dismay, and the tools with which it had been working at the safe fell to the floor with a crash.

Woodward, hard-faced and steely-eyed as ever, covered the burglar with his revolver and spoke quietly, yet ominously.

"I have you, you see, my good friend," he said.

The burglar made no reply, but, his back still turned towards Woodward, sobbed a little, and his head fell forward on his breast. Woodward regarded him coldly.

"Come, come, my friend," he said. "Let me have a look at your features. You aren't ashamed of them, are you?"

Again there was no answer from the burglar, and once more there was a little sob, as the head sank lower, as if in shame. Woodward, growing impatient, became more peremptory in his commands.

"Turn around," he said to the burglar. No answer.

"Will you turn around?"

Still no answer.

"TURN AROUND!"

The burglar, with a sob, slowly obeyed. His cap was drawn far over his face, and a black muffler was brought up over his chin, so that his features were almost entirely concealed. Woodward raised his pistol to a point level with the other's

breast, and spoke with deadly calm.

"Now, take off that muffler and cap so that I can see who you are. Take them off!"

The burglar hesitated, but for a moment only. A trembling hand went up to his throat and, undoing the muffler, took off the cap.

It was a pleasing face that was exposed thus suddenly to view. The features were regular and even handsome, and they were the features of a person delicately trained and carefully cultured; but over this handsome visage was a look of despair,—the despair of a man who could see no hope.

As the face of the burglar was exposed, Woodward gasped, and the pistol nearly dropped from his nerveless fingers. His eyes dilated with horror, and his hands involuntarily went to his throat.

"My God!" he gasped, like a man doubting his senses.

For a moment the two contemplated each other, the younger one despairing,—hopelessly despairing,—and the elder horrified,—horrified beyond words. It was the young man who spoke at last, sobbing at the same time.

"Forgive me, father," he pleaded.

Woodward stared at him like a man bereft of his senses. When at last the old man spoke, it was with a curious choking sound in his throat.

"Fred!" he gasped. "It is you! It is"—

There was that choking sound again, and Fred, fearing he knew not what, stepped forward hastily to his father's side, but the elder man waved him away, and with an almost maniacal glow in his eyes, rasped out:

"Keep away! Keep away from me, do you hear? You—you are a thief! A thief! Oh, God! A thief!"

Fred Woodward's head sank forward

on his breast in shame. A slow, deathly pallor was creeping over his face, and his hands were knotted together fiercely, as if he were trying to keep back the cries that were longing to leap from his lips; cries of pleading, of pleading for forgiveness and pardon.

The white-haired father was still gazing at his son, horrified, but at last he spoke,—his eyes and lips firm in their determination not to forgive, but his heart wavering between love for his only child, and his sense of righteousness and duty.

"God!" he murmured, brokenly. "A son of mine, a thief! Oh, why did you do it, Fred! Why did you do it?"

"Why did I do it?"

Fred Woodward repeated his father's question mechanically.

Then, suddenly, his eyes flashed, and he raised his head from his breast to cast it up proudly. No more were his cheeks filled with a pallor like unto that of death. Now a faint glow of color appeared in his face.

"Why did I do it?" he cried. "Father,—listen,—listen to me, for I want to tell you something."

"Father, do you know what is going on among those people,—the mill-hands? They are dying now, one by one; some from cold, some from hunger, and some from fever and ills of the worst, the very worst, sort. Did you know that, father, did you?"

The elder Woodward was silent for a moment, but he spoke at last.

"All I knew is that my son is a thief," he said, bitterly; but Fred went on unheeding.

"Oh, you can't know, father, you can't know. But it's true, just the same. How do I know that it's true, you say? I know whether or not it is true better than even your superintendent does.

For, as one John Miller, I—I, your son,—worked in your mill for three weeks,—IN YOUR MILLS!"

He paused, and watched the effect on his father, who was watching him unbelievably.

"Yes," he continued, "I worked in your mills. Oh," and he laughed bitterly, "I didn't pick out your mills because they were the best place in the world to work in. I had to take the job,—or starve."

"Well, when the strike came, I did starve, along with the rest of the mill hands, and that's—that's why I'm here to-night."

John Woodward started up as he heard his son's last words, and he repeated unbelievably:

"That's why you're here to-night?"

"Yes, that's why I—I came to—to rob you." Fred's voice broke, but then he started again earnestly. "Oh, I didn't want the money for myself. I wanted it for them,—for them outside."

He ended at last, and the old look of despair and the old death-like pallor settled on his countenance again. Old John Woodward no longer had the same horrified look on his face. He was leaning forward eagerly, wonderingly, as he listened to his son. A light,—the first dawns of the light,—was breaking upon him. Again he questioned his son.

"Fred," he asked, "is—is that what made you turn a thief,—is that it,—is it? Swear!"

Fred raised his head, and his eyes met those of his father unfalteringly.

"I swear, father," he said, simply.

John Woodward raised his hand to his forehead dazedly again and again, and then his face became contorted with feeling, as he beat his clenched fists on his breast, while a mighty sob shook his frame.



"Oh, God!" he cried. "It was I—it was I who made my son,—my one son,—a—a thief! I cast him off, and then I refused to give the mill-hands enough—"

He stopped suddenly. What was he saying? That he had not given the men enough money? Had he gone out of his mind? Of course, he was determined not to give them more money! And yet—

"Oh, oh!" he cried, in mental anguish, "Let me think! Let me think!"

He staggered out of the room into his den, which was adjoining, and, buried in his heavily-upholstered arm-chair, with his hands pressed tightly over his eyes, he thought, and thought deeply.

There was no sound from the den for perhaps five minutes,—five minutes of brain and heart anguish to the old man, and to the young man, his son. Then, at last, a low voice, the voice of a man broken in spirit, yet a man that knew how to love, issued from the den. It said:

"My—my son,—my Fred, come to me. God knows I shall need you from now on. I have treated you terribly, my son, and I have treated the mill-hands terribly, too. I see it all, now. It shall be fixed up to-morrow. My son,—my Fred,—come to me, oh, come!"

Nor did Fred hesitate to cross the room and, throwing his head on his father's lap, weep tears,—tears that sprung from his heart, and found companionship in the tears that flowed from the heart of the old, white-haired man whose heart had been transformed long

ago into stone by a glimpse of the Gorgon Greed and Harshness, but was now softening, in the midst of the greatest change in his life.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day the following notice appeared on the outside of the Woodward mills, and was greeted with great acclaim by the assembled mill-hands:

*Employes and Former Employes of  
the Woodward Mills,  
ATTENTION!!!*

"Beginning to-morrow, Jan. 2, a scale of new and greatly increased wages will go into effect. All persons formerly employed by the Woodward Mills may return and resume their old positions, if they so desire.

"It is also announced that the number of hours in the working day shall be decreased, and that conditions, in general, affecting the mill-hands, will be greatly bettered.

"It gives the management of the mills great pleasure to announce that, as a proof that these above-mentioned reforms are really intended to take place, we have secured as superintendent of the mills a man who is well known to all of the mill-hands as a man greatly endeared to them,—the present owner's son,—Mr. Frederick S. Woodward, who will assume at once his duties of superintendent.

"Per order,

"John T. Woodward,

"Pres. Woodward Woolen Co."

A. W. M. '16.

---

## HOW JUNIORS WERE OUTWITTED.

It was the nineteenth of June. Everybody was up and active in Lawrence Academy, for it was Senior Day. On that day it was the custom for the seniors of that old and honored school

to march to chapel a little earlier than usual in order to allow enough time for the many events which always took place then. As early as eight o'clock in the morning a great throng of students

and their friends were swarming about the grounds, waiting for the exercises in the chapel to begin. Soon the great bell in the chapel tower pealed forth its welcome, and everybody entered.

If we look carefully at the juniors, we notice that they are sitting with downcast and gloomy countenances. What can be the reason for this sadness? Are they sorry that the seniors are about to leave the school? It can't be that. Let us go back a little before this story begins and see whether we can find out why they are so dejected.

For many weeks before this day there had been secret meetings of the seniors which had aroused the curiosity of the whole student body of the school, especially of the juniors. These headstrong boys were greatly enraged because they were treated with such contempt by the seniors. Who were the seniors, anyway, to be so rude to them? Had they not been juniors themselves only a year ago? Did they become so great in one short year? Thoughts like these flashed through the minds of every junior. At last the juniors were unable to bear the pride and insolence of the seniors any longer, and they determined to be avenged, whether by fair or foul means.

On the tenth of June a notice was pasted on the bulletin board reading as follows:—"All juniors are hereby requested to attend a meeting to be held Tuesday, June 11, at 5 p. m. in the dressing room of Caverley Hall. Very important business is to be discussed, and no junior can afford to be absent. All other students, the seniors in particular, are warned to keep away from this meeting. If they don't—well, if they don't—a hint to the wise is sufficient though we acknowledge that the seniors are not wise." This notice

caused great disturbance among the members of the senior class, for they knew well enough that the "very important business to be discussed" would not be very advantageous to themselves.

At precisely five o'clock the next day the doors of Caverley Hall were locked. Sentinels were posted outside each door to prevent any eaves-dropping. After all was reported to be well, Tom Hickney who, although a junior, was captain of the football team, stood up amidst the applause of his classmates, and said:

"Classmates, you all see how contemptuously we are being treated by the seniors. Now, have they any grounds for treating us so? Let us see if they have: In the class meet held last week the juniors won 56 to 32. The captain of the football team is a junior—."

"Three cheers for Hickney!—"

"Just a minute, fellows," Tom went on, "in the inter-class baseball game we defeated the seniors 5 to 1. In what way then are they superior to us? In none whatever. The only difference between them and us is that they are graduating this year. Does that give them any reason for treating us like dogs?"

"No, no!" shouted the boys in unison.

"One minute more, fellows; I have something else to tell you. I have found out that Senior Day is Wednesday, the nineteenth of June. I have also found out that their senior banquet is to be held on the evening of the same day. Now I have thought of a great scheme to get even with them. The speakers for the evening are Le Roy Dunn, Francis O'Shay, James Harrington Porter, Dick Fielding, and Hooper Billings, the captain of the baseball team. If we can keep these fellows from the banquet Wednesday

evening, the seniors well be in hot soup, for the Governor and his wife, the President of the academy, and many of the faculty are invited."

"Hurrah for Hickney!"

"By jingoes, get the speakers and hang them up on the clothes line!"

"This will fix those smart guys!"

"They won't be so stuck up again!"

These remarks and many others were uttered by the excited juniors. It took fully fifteen minutes to quiet the fellows down. They were intent on running out immediately and capturing the speakers. When the uproar had subsided, a committee of fifteen boys was chosen to waylay the speakers and prevent them from attending the banquet. Strict orders were given the boys on the committee not to do anything that would lower the dignity of the class. The meeting was adjourned with three cheers for Tom Hickney.

No sooner had the juniors left the room than a figure crept out from an umbrella stand in one of the dressing closets and slipped out into the street. It was Le Roy Dunn, the President of the senior class and their chief speaker for the banquet. "So," he said to himself, "they have been spying upon our meetings and have found out who our speakers are for the senior banquet. Well, let them know that we are superior to them even in spying. They are going to capture our speakers, are they? All right! Let them try! They certainly have a wrong impression of the seniors. Woe to those who interfere with the plans of Le Roy Dunn!"

Several days passed without any striking events. The juniors could be seen laughing and winking to each other whenever they met, but they went about their business as usual. No one

as yet, with the exception of the juniors and Le Roy Dunn, knew that trouble was brewing for the seniors.

Tuesday morning, June 18, each of the juniors on the committee to seize the speakers of the senior class received a letter requesting him to be present in the President's office that evening. To avoid any suspicion which might arise from the boys' meeting each other on their way to the office they were asked to come at different times. When the first boy entered the office, the President of the academy told him with a twinkle in his eye that the President of the senior class wished to see him, and bade him go into an adjoining room. There he was met by Le Roy Dunn and several other seniors. They very gently gagged him and tied his hands behind his back. Within three hours each of the boys on the committee innocently walked into the trap and was treated in the same manner as the first boy. When all were there, Le Roy Dunn told them that he was very sorry to treat them in such an outrageous manner but the seniors could not possibly be without their speakers at the senior banquet. "You need not feel disgraced for being outwitted," he said, "because nobody will know anything about this except my few companions here and me. The rest of the seniors know nothing whatever about your plans to waylay our speakers. I assure you that this entire matter will be kept secret if you act like gentlemen. It is now my painful duty to inform you that you will have to pass the night in this room. Supper will be served to you soon, and I will try my best to make you as comfortable as possible."

☛ The boys saw that there was no use in making remonstrances; consequently

they quietly submitted to their fate. They were ungagged and, after a good supper, were left to pass the night under the scrutinous eyes of Le Roy's companions.

There was great consternation among the juniors the next morning when they noticed that the boys on the committee to waylay the seniors' speakers were not at chapel. This is the reason why we saw them sitting so gloomy and dejected in the beginning of this story. They were afraid moreover to say anything, lest their plans should be found out. They consoled themselves by the thought that perhaps the boys were sleeping a little later in order to be more fitted for their task.

When the boys did not appear at the dinner table, the anxiety of the juniors increased. Should they tell any of the professors? No! they did not dare; for that would hurt themselves. The time for the senior banquet was fast drawing near and still not one of the boys appeared.

Soon the seniors were seen wending their way to University Hall, where the banquet was to be held. The faces of the juniors were red with indignation as they watched the seniors enter the banquet hall. They saw their plans of waylaying the speakers vanish into the air like soap bubbles. Just then an automobile drove up to the door and the five speakers for the evening stepped out. With a shout the juniors rushed upon then determined to keep them from the banquet at any cost. They did not notice that there was somebody else in the automobile. Just as they took hold of the speakers, they heard a familiar voice behind them exclaim, "Is it possible that boys of the Lawrence

Academy can be guilty of such rowdyism as I now behold? What does this mean anyway?" Blushing with shame, the boys loosened their hold of the speakers who, with the exception of Le Roy Dunn, passed into the hall. Then they turned around to await their sentence from Dr. Walters, the President of the academy, for it was none other than he whose voice they heard.

"Do not be severe with them, Dr. Walters;" pleaded Le Roy "it was merely a prank. I am certain they did not mean to cause any disturbance. They probably intended to merely scare us a little."

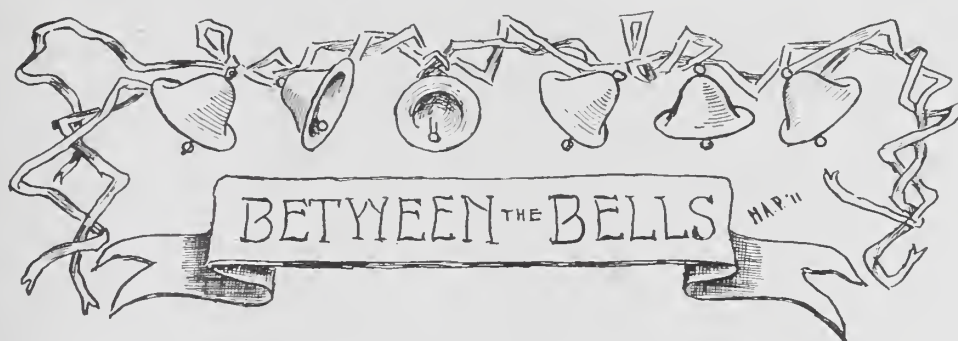
A smile lit upon the face of the kind-hearted President. "Since this is Seniors' day," he said, "I consider it my duty to leave all responsibility in the hands of the seniors. Accordingly I commit the boys to you for judgment. Deal with them as you think fitting," he said as he entered the banquet hall.

The boys looked first at Le Roy, then at each other, unable to utter a word. Le Roy told them to follow him. He led them into the President's office where they found the committee of the fifteen boys. They easily understood now why they were absent the whole day.

After matters were explained the juniors lifted the President of the senior class on their shoulders and with many cheers bore him to the banquet hall. They could not help being well disposed to a boy who saved them not only from disgrace, by keeping the whole matter silent, but also from serious punishment at the hands of the President of the Academy.

S. Y. '15.





A TIP TO THE NON-SUBSCRIBERS.  
Here's to the lad who reads his *Register*,  
And reads it all alone;  
For many a lad reads another lad's  
*Register*.

When he ought to be reading his own.

BRUTUS:—"Hello, Caesar. How many  
eggs did you have for breakfast?"

CAESAR:—"Et tu, Brute."

Lives of School editors all remind us  
That our lives are not sublime,  
That we live to work like thunder,  
To get our copy out on time.

TEACHER:—"Where is your note-  
book?"

PUPIL:—"My head is my note-book."

TEACHER:—"That is a blank-book?"

#### SENIOR'S LAMENT.

I sometimes wonder what's the use  
Of squaring the Hypotenuse,  
Or why, unless it be to tease,  
Things must be called Isosceles.  
Of course I know that mathematics  
Are mental stunts and acrobatics,  
To give the brain a drill gymnastic,  
And made gray matter more elastic.  
Is it that Euclid has employed  
Trapezium or Trapezoid,  
I wonder?—yet it seems to me  
That all the Plain Geometry

One needs is just this simple feat;  
Whate'er your make, make both ends  
meet!

TEACHER:—"What are the three  
words used most in school?"

PUPIL:—"I don't know."

TEACHER:—"Correct."

TEACHER:—"How would you find  
the meaning of a word if there were no  
dictionary?"

FRESHMAN:—"Go to a learned schol-  
ar."

TEACHER:—"But suppose there were  
no learned scholars present, what would  
you do?"

FRESHMAN:—"Ask a teacher."

INTELLIGENT STUDENT:—"Did you  
ever notice that he combs his hair in  
waves?"

PRODIGY:—"Yes, he has water on the  
brain!"

PROFESSOR:—"What is the shape of  
the earth?"

STUDENT:—"Round."

PROFESSOR:—"How do you know it  
is round?"

STUDENT:—"All right; it's square  
then. I don't want to start any argu-  
ment about it."

E. H. J. '14.



We hope that everyone had something to be thankful for last Thursday. At this time of year every boy should know where he stands in his studies, and should not blame anyone for poor results but himself. Too much is said every month about the unreasonableness and cruel prejudice of teachers. In almost every case the only person blamable is the boy himself. It is barely possible that if the time spent in explaining marks to parents at home were put in at books, the averages for the next month would be different. There is no place in this world for the chronic whiner. Don't whine! Take your medicine and grin, then get busy and do better!

\* \* \* \* \*

By this time everyone has received his copy of the Catalogue. This publication has meant much work to the parties in charge of it, which should be appreciated. *The Register* is very grateful for being given a page. It is an honor which the paper will endeavor to deserve.

\* \* \* \* \*

V. M. Hetherston, quarter-master last year, recently paid a visit to the school and looked over the battalion drill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reiser, an ex. Latin School man now at Milton High School, came back for a short visit a little while ago. He was warmly welcomed by his old friends.

The regiment was very much pleased to receive a visitor in the person of G. C. Demeter, Colonel for 1914. He seemed glad to get back to his old surroundings and complimented some of the officers on their work.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few of the School's members have taken advantage of the "at home" notice published last month. We were glad to see them and the invitation is still extended.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Register* takes pleasure in welcoming to its staff one member from Class III,—Minard.

*The Register* acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges. *Vexillum*—Volkman School, Boston, Mass.

*Dragon*—St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island.

*The Shuttle*—High School of Practical Arts, Roxbury, Mass.

*The Grotonian*—Groton School, Groton, Mass.

*The Advance*—Salem High School, Salem, Mass.

*The Argus*—Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.

*Early Trainer*—Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

*The Reflector*—Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.,

*The Argonaut*—Mansfield High School, Mansfield, Mass.

- The High School Record*—Camden High School, Camden, N. J.  
*The Oak, Lily and Ivy*—Milford High School, Milford, Mass.  
*The Pinkerton Critic*—Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.  
*The Bowdoin Orient*—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.  
*The Trinity Tripod*—Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.  
*The Golden-Rod*—Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.  
*Tamarack Publishing Co.*—N. Central High School, Spokane, Wash.  
*The Sarsamon*—Natick High School, Natick, Mass.  
*The Hyde Park Weekly*—208 Stony Island Ave., Chicago, Illinois.  
*The Weekly Review*—Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Ohio.  
*The Clarion*—East High School, Rochester, N. Y.  
*The Imp*—Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.  
*The Tolo*—Franklin High School, Seattle, Wash.  
*Columbia Alumni News*—Columbia University, N. Y., N. Y.  
*The Tripod*—Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.  
*Student*—Oklahoma High School, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.  
*Pennsylvanian*—Penn. University, Philadelphia, Penn.  
*Red and Gray*—Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.  
*The Dragon*—Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Ohio.  
*Phillips Bulletin*—Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.  
*The School Life*—Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.  
*The Artisan*—M. A. H. S., Boston, Mass.  
*Oriole*—S. High School, Pittsburgh, Penn.  
*Enterprise*—Roxbury High School, Roxbury, Mass.  
*Oracle*—Malden High School, Malden, Mass.  
*Sentinel*—Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, California.  
*Delancey Monthly*—Delancey School, Philadelphia, Pa.  
*Hein*—Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.  
*Spectator*—Louisville Male High School, Louisville, Kentucky.

S. Y. '15.

## ATHLETICS

The football season for Boston Latin is almost over. The team has had a fairly good season, has defeated some very strong teams, and in turn has been defeated. Just at present all eyes are turned on the coming game with English High on Thanksgiving Day. For several years this has been the big schoolboy game of greater Boston on that day. People far and near come to see these two great rivals battle for supremacy, and a large gathering is expected. However, the boys of the Latin School do not, as a rule, show the enthusiasm dis-

played by outsiders in this game. The attendance at past games this year has not been up to the standard of other years. Now fellows get together! Talk it up among yourselves and find out what the trouble is. Is the Latin School spirit dying out? There are some fellows in the school who give the team the right kind of support, and others who do not care whether the team wins or loses. As everyone will agree, that is not the right spirit; so let every fellow make up for lost time and at least buy one ticket for the last game of

the year. There are about 800 in the school and if two thirds of these bought tickets, it would be a fair showing. You who have been in the school for two or more years, get after these boys in Classes Five and Six and see if you cannot arouse some spark of enthusiasm. Let us hope we shall have not less than 600 representatives to back up their team on Turkey Day.

#### H. S. of Commerce, 7. B. L. S., 0.

For the first time in many years, Boston Latin played Commerce, Friday, Oct. 30, at Fenway Park. As the first meeting of any two schools is always a subject of interest among the followers of football, the game attracted a good crowd. Before the game, both teams seemed evenly matched, but after the final whistle had blown, everyone realized that Commerce had outplayed Latin. For one day, at any rate, Latin lacked fighting spirit. Commerce started with a rush and Latin had a hard time to hold them in the first half. In the third period on a kick formation, the ball was passed over Reardon's head, and rolled over the goal for a safety. Shortly after this, Commerce obtained the ball and worked it to Latin's 12-yard line. Here Porter sent the ball between the bars for a drop kick from the 18-yard line. In the fourth period Latin was forced back to her 7-yard line. Here she recovered a fumble and in endeavoring to punt the ball out, Reardon struck the goal posts. The ball bounded back over the line and Reardon fell on it for the second safety of the game. Soon afterward the whistle ended the game.

Overconfidence lost the game for Latin as the team felt too sure of winning. The backfield was off form and there was no interference at all. The playing of the Commerce backfield and of Martin of Latin were the features of the game.

H. S. of C. 7. B. L. 0.  
Coughlin, l. e. r. e. Hunt, Cousens, O'Connor  
Kendrick, l. t. r. t. Murdough  
Devine, l. g. r. g. Povah  
O'Brien, c. Murphy, Hunt  
Tannzy, Whitman, r. g. l. g. Stuart, Dillon  
Davis, r. t. l. t. Young, Alberts  
Porter, Killham, r. e. l. e. Enright, Cousens  
Carter, q. b. q. b. Reardon  
Weaver, l. h. b. r. h. b. Dowling  
Donovan, r. h. b. l. h. b. Martin  
Hart, f. b. f. b. Maloney

Referee—Tufts. Umpire—Burleigh. Linesman—Lawlor. Time—four 10-minute periods.

#### Beverly, 7. Boston Latin, 0.

Before the biggest crowd of the year, Beverly beat Boston 7 to 0 in a hard fought, closely-played game on Saturday, Nov. 7. Beverly scored her touchdown within the first two minutes of play. Latin kicked off to Beverly and on a series of line plunges, Nelson went over the line for a touchdown. Morgan kicked the goal. After this sudden scoring, Latin found itself, and went after Beverly hammer and tongs, but was unable to score. Beverly appeared a heavy, well groomed team and played hard. The forward pass was used a good deal by both teams, Latin succeeding in two out of three attempts for substantial gains. This game was scheduled to be played on Beverly's new \$30 000 gridiron, but owing to a delay in the work, the dedication was postponed until the Rindge game, in which Beverly was defeated. Daley and Dennis played well for Beverly, and Martin and Povah for Latin.

Beverly, 7. B. L. 0  
Healy, l. e. r. e. O'Connor  
O'Donnell, Estes, l. t. r. t. Alberts  
Dennis, Birmingham, l. g. r. g. Dillon, Stuart  
Dennis, c. c. Murphy  
Healy, Brewer, r. g. l. g. Murdough  
Stensrud, r. t. l. t. Povah  
Gray, r. e. l. e. Cronin  
Morgan, Foley, q. b. q. b. Cousens  
Nelson, r. h. b. l. h. b. Dowling  
Daley, l. h. b. r. h. b. Martin  
Coakley, f. b. f. b. Maloney

Umpire—McDonald. Referee—Woodlock.  
Linesman—Howard. Time—four 10-minute periods.



## Brookline, 0. Boston Latin, 7.

In a spirited game, Latin School vanquished Brookline High on Wednesday, Nov. 11, at Brigg's Field. Latin started with a rush, but could not score until the last of the third period, when Martin went over the line on a tackle play, after a series of brilliant line plunges by Maloney. Enright kicked the goal. In the final period Brookline tried hard to score, but was held. Latin's punting was wretched and did not average over 35 yards, while Brookline's punts averaged easily 45. In the fourth period Brookline used the forward pass four times in succession, but only one worked. Latin worked it successfully twice for good gains. Enright reeled off two sensational 30-yard runs on end-around plays, and Martin made one fine 25-yard run. Brookline could not skirt our ends, and resorted a great deal to the forward pass. Although outweighed about 10 lbs. per man, Latin's line played a slashing game, Walsh, Povah and O'Connor contributing some beautiful tackles. There was a goodly crowd of royal rooters for both teams and several of the fair sex turned out to cheer their heroes. Martin, Enright, Maloney and Capt. Walsh started for Latin, and Johnson and Woods contributed much to Brookline's playing.

l. e. Sutherland r. e. O'Connor, Cronin  
l. t. Woods r. t. Murdough  
l. g. Cushman r. g. Povah  
c. Turtle c. Walsh (capt.), Murphy  
r. g. Bartlett, Cains l. g. Dillon, Alberts  
r. t. Gleason l. t. Alberts  
r. e. Houghton l. e. Enright  
q. b. Collins q. b. Davis  
l. h. b. Johnson, Lally r. h. b. Levinson, Dowling  
r. h. b. Lally, Litchfield l. h. b. Martin  
f. b. Hayes f. b. Maloney  
Umpire—Courtney. Referee—Hoey. Linesman—Woodlock. Time—four 10-minute periods.

## Boston Latin, 7. Mechanic Arts, 7.

Although witnessed by but a small crowd, the annual game between Mechanic Arts High School and Boston Latin proved to be a very scrappy game, and a very interesting one. The teams were fairly evenly matched, and success would mean a great deal to either team. Mechanics won the toss, and chose to defend the south goal. Cousens kicked

to Lally, who ran it back to the forty-yard line. Nothing sensational in the line of long runs was displayed in the first half. Towards the end of the half, Enright had punted, and a fumble by Mechanics was recovered by Walsh on their forty-yard line. The team had just started to show that it could gain a little ground, when the whistle blew.

In the fourth period the real thrills came. With the ball on Mechanics forty-yard line, the prettiest pass that has been executed this season was made by Martin to Enright. The pass itself totalled a distance of twenty-five yards, and Enright lost no time in placing it beyond the goalposts. Enright kicked the goal. Mechanics, not to be outdone in this style of play, practically duplicated it and from mid-field placed the ball within a yard of the goal. After two fruitless attempts, Lally pushed the ball over and the goal was kicked. Later in the period Enright, through the poor support of the line, failed twice to get a field goal.

r. e. Murphy, McManus l. e. Enright  
r. t. Eklund l. g. Young  
r. g. McCloskey l. t. Dillon  
c. McGee c. Walsh  
l. g. Ellis r. g. Murdough  
l. t. Dean r. t. Alberts, Povah  
l. g. Connors, Williams r. g. O'Connor, War. Ric.  
q. b. Kellar, Rush q. b. Cousens  
r. h. b. Summerville l. h. b. Martin  
l. h. b. Lally r. h. b. Dowling, Davis, McGrath  
f. b. Gray f. b. Maloney  
Touchdowns—Enright, Lally. Goals from touchdowns—Enright, Lally. Referee—Courtney. Cummings. Time—four 15-minute periods.  
Umpire Burleigh, Linesman—

## TRACK.

In a short month the track season will open, and prospects are unusually bright for the coming season. There is a fine lot of material in the school and if this can be brought out, we ought to be heard from in the meets this winter. The "L" men who are expected to report are Captain Martin, Cousens, Hunt, Davis, Maloney, Povah, O'Neil, Cimerblatt, Duntley, Godkin, Gillis, Fay, Levenson, McGrath and Swartz. Coach O'Brien expects a large number of the lower class boys to report when practice is started. The schedule will be announced later by Manager Godkin.

## English High 3

## Boston Latin 3

We won't use all the space in this eleventh-hour account in enumerating the details of that great game. It could be seen from the very first minute that our team, outweighed eight pounds to the man, was on that field to *fight*, and it was a pleasure for those in the grandstand to be cheering behind such a team. Perhaps the greatest piece of work that a Latin School team has ever performed was that holding when forced back to within a few feet of their goal line. You all know the details. Then toward the end of the second period came that spectacular kick of "Lefty" Enright, a magnificent drop from the forty-yard line, and at somewhat of an angle. "Charlie" Brickley might well have swelled with pride at that performance.

In the third period the teams started with redoubled vigor, imbued with new fight by their coaches. Ask one of the players how his heart swelled to hear Coach O'Brien in the locker-room. In the last period our team was forced to

give way, tuckered out by greater weight and English High came within striking distance of the goal. Then there was a fumble but English recovered. Then, with but 50 seconds to play, Capt. O'Connor kicked a beautiful goal. (Great credit must be given to him and his team for this rally in the last period.) We will not name over the stars of the game, for what truer thing can be said than that each man on both teams gave all that he had, and, don't forget it, an elephant's share of praise goes to Coach O'Brien and to Coach O'Flaherty.

## ENGLISH HIGH.

l e. C. O'Connor  
l t, Brown  
l g, Santosuosso  
c, Tremble  
r g, Hoffman  
r t, Buttner  
r e, Burbank  
q b, McKenzie  
l h b, Martin  
r h b, Monagle  
f b, O'Neil

## BOSTON LATIN.

r e, Connor  
r t, Povah  
r g, Murdough, Levenson  
c Walsh, Murphy  
l g, Dillon  
l t, Young  
l e, Enwright  
q b, Cousens  
r h b, O'Dowd  
l h b, E. Martin  
f b, Maloney

Score—English High 3, Boston Latin 3.  
Goals from field—Enwright, O'Connor. Referee—Albert J. Woodlock. Umpire—Thomas Murphy. Head linesman—Joseph Redding. Time—12-minute periods.

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